



Vocal Performers.
Mr. BRAHAM,
AND
Madame MARA.

First Violin
Mr. BROOKS,
Violoncello
Mr. HERSCHEL,
Oboe
Mr. ASHLEY,
Flute,
Mr. ASHE,
And Piano-Forte
Mrs. MILES.

ACT I.

Overture. HAYDN.

Song, Mr. BRAHAM. HAYDN.

RECOLLECTION.

THE season comes when first we met,
But you return no more;
Why cannot I the days forget
Which time can ne'er restore?
O! days too fair, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight
In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace.
But ah! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close.

[Symphony from ARIADNE. HANDEL.

Aria, Madame MARA. CARUSO.

SO che dovrei godere;
So che sperar dovrei;
Ma in mezzo ai dubbi miei
Un gelido timore
Impallidir mi fa.

Pur se pietoso amore,
Mi rende il caro bene,
Lieto il mio cor diviene,
E piu timor non ha.

Concerto Piano-Forte, Mrs. MILES.
YANIEWICZ.

Song, Madame MARA, (by particular
Desire) MARA.

RECITATIVE.

HIGH rolling seas, that bear afar
My Henry to the fields of war,
O'er your white foam I cast my eyes,
And see Despair a dreary phantom rise.

AIR.

Wake, fond heart, to grief alone!
Sighs be thine! thy joys are o'er;
Flown, ah! flown! for ever gone!
Wake to tears, and hope no more!

Lo! in chains my lover bound,
Haply mourns, and mourns in vain;
Or in death, with many a wound,
Cold he lies, untimely slain.

Wake, fond heart, thy joys are o'er!
Wake to tears, and hope no more.

ACT II.

Overture. PLEYEL.

Song, Mr. BRAHAM. HANDEL.

PLEASURE, my former ways resigning,
To virtue's cause inclining,
Thee, Pleasure, now I leave;—
Left when my spirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor sickness comfort give.

Da Capo.

Concerto Flute, Mr. ASHE.

Scena, Madame MARA. ANFOSSI.

RECITATIVO.

ALL' Amor mio quest atto illustre,
Io deggio ed alla gloria mia;
Roma in trionfo non mi vedra;
De ceppi altrui lo scorno,
Ufa non sono a tollerar.
Arface non ti smarrir nel mio destino,
Inspira costanza a te l'esempio mio,
S'io vissi in liberta fin ora,
In liberta voglio morire ancora.

RONDO.

NON temer fra pochi istanti,
Idol mio faro con te,
Portero fra l'ombre amanti,
Il candor della mia fe.

Godi pur tiranno, io moro,
Ma disprezzo I sdegni tuoi,
Piu m' affanna, O mio tesoro,
Di mia morte il tuo martir.

Ah! finisco con la vita,
Si penoso acerbo stato,
Un oggetto sventurato,
Sol la calma ha nel morir.

FULL PIECE. HAYDN.

To begin at Seven o'Clock.